

FRAN

BY
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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O. IRWIN MYERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent. She repairs to the school, where she meets the superintendent, Mr. Ashton, who tells her that Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and in so doing, she feels a strange thrill. She is then seen by Sapphira, Clinton's sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants to be with him. Gregory, who is a private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college, and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran tells Gregory that she is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her room. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge, telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home to keep her father and daughter. Grace decides to ask Robert Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace. The latter, hearing of Fran's purpose, returns and interrupts a touching scene between father and daughter. Grace tells Gregory she intends to marry Clinton and quit her service. He declares that he cannot continue his work without her. Carried away by passion, he takes her to his room. Fran walks in on them, and declares that Grace must leave the house at once. To Gregory's consternation, he learns of Clinton's mission to Springfield. Clinton returns from Springfield, and at Fran's request, Abbott utters a hint to discuss what he has learned. On Abbott's assurance that Grace will leave Gregory at once, Clinton says that he will discuss Fran into a corner by the threat of exposure. Gregory is offered the job of bookkeeper in Clinton's grocery store. Gregory's indignation is kept alive by the fact that he is to be a clerk in a grocery store. He finds her alone and tells her the story of his past. Grace points out that she is to be a clerk in a grocery store. He finds her alone and tells her the story of his past. Grace points out that she is to be a clerk in a grocery store.

Mr. Bill Smookins was an exceedingly hard-featured man, of no recognizable age. Externally, he was blue overalls and greasy tar. Abbott grasped Bill's hand, and inquired about business. "Awful pore, sense Fran let the show," was the answer, accompanied by a grin that threatened to cut the weather-beaten face wide open. Fran beamed. "Mr. Smookins knew my mother—didn't you, Bill? He was a good fellow to me when I was a kid. Mr. Smookins was a Human Nymph in those days, and he smoked and talked, he did, right down under the water—remember, Bill? That was sure-enough water—oh, he's a sure-enough Bill, let me tell you!" Bill intimated, as he slowed down the engine, that the rheumatism he had acquired under the water, was sure-enough rheumatism—hence his change of occupation. "I was strong enough to be a Human Nymph," he explained, "but not endurable! Nobody can't last many years as a Human Nymph."

Abbott indicated his companion— "Here's one that'll last my time." The wheel stopped. He and Fran were barred into a seat. "And now," Fran exclaimed, "it's all up and down, just like a moving picture of life. Why don't you say something, Mr. Ashton? But no, you can keep still—I'm excited to death, and wouldn't hear you anyway. I want to do all the talking—I always do, after I've been in the cage. My brain is filled with air—so this is the time to be soaring up into the sky, isn't it? What is your brain filled with?—but never mind. We'll be just two balloons—my aren't you glad we haven't any strings on us—suppose some people had hold!—I, for one, would be willing never to go down again. Where are the clouds?—Wish we could meet a few. See how I'm trembling—always do, after the lions. Now, Abbott, I'll leave a small opening for just one word—

"I'll steady you," said Abbott, briefly, and he took her hand. She did not appear conscious of his protecting clasp. "I never see the moon so big," she went on, breathlessly, "without thinking of that night when it rolled along the pasture as if it wanted to knock us off the footbridge for being where we oughtn't. I never could understand why you should stay on that bridge with a perfect stranger, when your duty was to be usher at the camp-meeting! You weren't ushering me, you know, you were holding my hand—I mean, I was holding your hand, as Miss Sapphira says I shouldn't. What a poor helpless man—as I'm holding you now, I presume! But I laughed in meeting. People ought to go outdoors to smile, and keep their religion in a house, I guess. I'm going to tell you why I laughed, for you've never guessed, and you've always been afraid to ask—

"Afraid of you, Fran?" "Awfully, I'm going to show you—let go, so I can show you. No, I'm in earnest—you can have me, afterwards. Remember that evangelist! There to stand, waving his hands—as I'm doing now—moving his arms with his eyes fastened upon the congregation—this way—look, Abbott."

"Fran! As if I were not already looking!" "Look—just so; not saying a word—only waving this way and that—And it made me think of our hypnotizer—the man that waves people into our biggest tent—he seems to pick 'em up bodily and carry them in his arms. Well! And if the people are to be waved into a church, it won't take much of a breeze to blow them out. I don't believe in soul-waving. But that doesn't mean that I don't believe in the church—does it?—do you think?" "You believe in convictions, Fran. And since you're come into the church, you don't have to say that you believe in it."

"Yes—there's nothing on the outside, and oh, sometimes there's so little, so little under the roof—that's what you think of me, Abbott?" "Fran, I think you are the most—" "But do you!" she interposed, still given up trying to understand you. Since then, I've just loved. That's easy."

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued. He met her eyes unflatteringly. "It's already nine o'clock," he said with singular composure. "Don't forget nineteenth."

Then he disappeared in the crowd. Then, to her amazement, she beheld Hamilton Gregory stumbling toward her, looking neither to right nor left, seeing none but her—Hamilton Gregory at a show! Hamilton Gregory here, at all places, his eyes wide, his head thrown back as if to bare his face to her startled gaze.

"Fran!" cried Gregory, thrusting forth his arms to take her hands. "Fran! Even now, the bare divide us. But oh, I am so glad, so glad—and God answered my prayer and saved you, Fran—my daughter!"

CHAPTER XXIV. Near the Sky. It was half-past nine when Abbott met Fran, according to appointment, before the Snake Den. From her hands she had removed the color of Italy, and from her body, the glittering raiment of La Gonsietti.

Fran came up to the young man from out the crowded street, all quivering excitement. In contrast with the pulsing life, that ceaselessly changed her face, from reflections of dancing lightnings, his composure showed almost grotesque.

"Here I am," she panted, shooting a quizzical glance at his face, "are you ready for me? Come on, then, and I'll show you the very place for us."

Abbott inquired seriously: "Down there in the Den?" "No," she returned, "not in the Den. You're no Daniel, if I am a Chameleon. No dena for us."

"Nor lion cages?" inquired Abbott, still incredulous; "never again?" "Never again," came her response. Fran stopped before the Ferris Wheel. "Let's take a ride," she said, a little tremulously. "Won't need tickets, Bill, stop the wheel; I want to go right up. This is a friend of mine—Mr. Ashton. And Abbott, this is an older friend than you—Mr. Bill Smookins."

Through the surrounding islands and the main land. This has never been authentically established, however, and some authorities include the banana among the articles that formed the base of food supply of the Incas and the Aztecs before the arrival of the Spaniards.

Certain it is that throughout the whole meridional America there is a strong tradition that at least two species of the plantain were cultivated long before the coming of the Europeans. Furthermore, it is singular that in all the languages indigenous to the region where the banana appears, the plant has a special name, not proceeding from the conquerors, as was the case with the names of many other plants, animals and various articles introduced into America after its discovery.

Grown over the entire extent of the meridian of the earth, the fruit of the banana today forms in large part the principal food of a majority of the peoples living under the tropical zone. The dead are soon forgotten—and so are a lot of us who are alive.

VALUE QUEER RELICS HIGHLY Large Sums Have Frequently Been Paid for Articles That Many Would Call Grosseware. It is not every man, not every hero worshiper, who would esteem the tooth of his hero of more value than diamonds. There is a ring belonging to an English nobleman, in which the place of honor, formerly occupied by a diamond, is given to a tooth that once did duty in a human jaw.

This tooth cost no less than three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars; but it was the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton. A relic collector sold it at auction in 1846, and the nobleman who bought it gave it the place of a diamond in his favoring ring.

Another tooth, which so far excites the veneration of hero worshipers as to be able to hold a court of its own, and to draw from long distances a small host of followers, is one that was originally hidden behind the lips of Victor Hugo. It is kept at his former residence in a glass case bearing the inscription, "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, in the gardens attached to the house of Madame Koch, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

LEGEND OF GARDEN OF EDEN

Oriental Christians Believe Banana Tree Was the Source of Good and Evil. There exists a legend relative to the Christian inhabitants of the east that they believe the banana to be the tree of the source of good and evil, in a bunch of the fruit of which the serpent that tempted Eve hid itself, and they add that when Adam and Eve became ashamed of their nakedness, they covered themselves with the leaves of this plant.

The origin of the banana is given as India, at the foot of the Himalayas, where it has been cultivated since remotest antiquity, says the National Geographic Magazine. Its origin in the new world is as doubtful as the origin of the American Indian. Natural to Asia and Africa, where more than twenty distinct species of the genus are known, it is said to have been brought first to America from Spain, early in the sixteenth century, and planted in the island of Santo Domingo, whence its spread was rapid.

Out of the Dictograph. To think before you speak will help some, but it's better yet to hustle around and verify your facts. The man with a hand full of trumps never developed a suspicion that the deal isn't square. Birdie Frizzles feels terribly disgraced because her mother, as a girl, had to learn to play "Monastery Bells" and "Silver Waves" instead of rag-time.

Little Lesson in Efficiency. A woman who has been studying the science of household efficiency comments that the obvious things that every woman ought to know about conserving time and energy in the doing of the daily household tasks are the ones that seem to make no impression upon the average household. For instance, she says, always have the draining pan when washing dishes upon the left of the dishpan. You naturally wash the dishes with the right and hold them in the left. Then set them down on the left without using energy to reach across the right. Sounds sensible, doesn't it?

The Gallant. Judge—The lady from whom you stole a kiss declares herself ready to waive her demand for punishment if you will ask her pardon and express your regret for what has happened. Gentlemen! (to the offended lady)—Yes, I am willing to beg your pardon. But to regret that I gave you the kiss, dear madam, that I cannot!

Telepathy Among Insects. Recent experiments have proved moths and other insects to be capable of thought transference so far-reaching as to impress their fellows miles away with a knowledge of their whereabouts. Passing It On. "I'm not one of those fellows who kisses and tells," said the summer man. "Oh, I don't mind your mentioning it to any nice friends of yours, who are coming down to the beach," said the summer girl.

Woes of Women. "Will men's tummies never ease?" "How now, Iphigeneia?" "Now that we are holding office they say that a woman can't lay a corner stone straight!"

Home Town Helps

VILLAGES LACKING IN CHARM

Writer Compares Them With Those of France and Germany to Their Disadvantage.

The average American has no eye for harmonious effect, no appreciation of beauty for its own sake; and in none of the arts is this lack so evident as in architecture, says H. L. Mencken in the Smart Set. No distinctively American style has arisen, and the average American home remains as ugly and as undistinguished as a Zulu kraal. In its essence, it is simply a square box. And from that archetype it proceeds upward, not through degrees of beauty, but through degrees of hideousness. The more it is plastered with ornament, the more vulgar and forbidding it becomes. The more it is adorned with color, the more that color becomes a sadness, a debauch, a public indecency. Take a train ride through any American state and you will be sickened by the chaotic ugliness of the flitting villages—houses sprawling and shapeless, green shutters upon yellow churches, a huge advertising sign upon every flat wall, an intolerable effect of carelessness, ignorance, squalor, bad taste and downright viciousness. But make the same sort of journey through France or Germany—Paris from Bremen to Munich or from Paris to Lyons—or through Austria or Italy or Switzerland, and you will be charmed by the beautiful harmony visible on all sides: the subordination of details to general effects, the instinctive feeling for color, the sound grouping, the constant presence of a tradition and a style. The design of the peasant houses changes 20 times between the Westphalian plain and the foothills of the Alps, but in every change there is a subtle reflection of the physical expression of human aspiration, worldly estate and character. I don't know any ugly villages between Bremen and Munich, nor even a village without its distinction, its special beauty, its individual charm. But I don't know of a village between Washington and Chicago that is not frankly appalling.

ALL AGAINST THE BILLBOARD

Agitation for Its Elimination Has Now Become Almost National in Its Scope.

The campaign against billboards is so well-nigh universal that it may be said to be national in its scope. In several states this nuisance is rapidly coming under conditions that promise either total elimination or a considerable degree of control. Locally the question is a live one, and with an educational campaign ever before us we may hope to see the day when billboards will be legislated out of existence in California. In doing this it would be just to grant those in the business six months or a year in which to retire their blots upon our fairest landscapes. Such action is always taken in response to a general public demand, and when so many of our people have expressed themselves against this nuisance shrewd advertisers will conclude that local advertising on billboards does not pay. Keep up the agitation; it pays.—Los Angeles Times.

Chinese Dread of Milk.

A Chinese has the same dread of milk that an American has of oysters out of season. Several evenings ago a Chinese dignitary, who had just come into the country to study educational institutions, was taking dinner with a widely known educator. He ate freely of the American dishes until it came to the last course. Looking at the ice cream dubiously for some time, he finally took a mouthful. It must have given him a pleasurable sensation—this first taste of ice cream—for he smiled pleasantly at his host. Suddenly another Chinese, who was present and who had not taken any of the desert, spoke quickly to him a single Chinese word. In an instant the dignitary spat out his mouthful on his plate, much to the consternation of everyone at the table. "What did you say?" inquired the host of the Chinese who had spoken. "I said 'milk,'" was the stolid reply.

Ethetic Billboards.

Travelers in the smaller towns and cities of this country are painfully edified by the contrast in them between the material plenty and the intellectual poverty. There is more than enough money. Yet the town has managed to build itself in exactly the ugliest way. Perhaps it would have cost less to make the street prettier. But nobody cared; that was evident. A community which will not tolerate bad grammar on the billboards, if educated in esthetics as in letters, would cease to tolerate the billboards. Or (who knows?) they might let the billboards remain and cause them to be made beautiful!—Boston Transcript.

Woodpecker's Waterloo.

"That woodpecker may be persistent, but I think he's beaten this time." "What is he trying to do?" "Drill a hole in an iron trolley pole."

Too Costly.

"I absolutely don't know what to give my cook for a wedding present." "Then simply give her money." "Oh, no! It mustn't cost as much as that."—Ulk.

Relief for Alaskan Miners.

As an encouragement to further prospecting and mining in the new gold field near the boundary line between Alaska and Yukon territory the American customs officials have decided not to establish a customs house there for one year, believing that the miners have already undergone hardships enough in getting their outfits there without having to pay duties.

Lucky is the chapman who has eyes that see not and ears that hear not.

Foley Kidney Pills Relieve

promptly the suffering due to weak, inactive kidneys and painful bladder action. They offer a powerful help to nature in building up the true excreting kidney tissue, in restoring normal action and in regulating bladder irregularities. Try them.

Better Biscuits Baked With

You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet.

They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1904. Paris Exposition, France, 1903.



You Can Buy The Best Irrigated Land

In Southern Idaho For \$50.50 an Acre Good Soil Fine Climate Crops Never Fail

Especially adapted to the raising of alfalfa, fruits, potatoes and cereals. Ideal for dairying and stock raising. On main line Oregon Short Line Railroad. Lands surround Richfield, Dietrich, Shoshone and Gooding in Lincoln and Gooding Counties. 20,000 acres open to entry. THE BEST WATER RIGHT IN THE WEST AND TERMS OF PAYMENT ARE THE EASIEST OFFERED BY ANY IRRIGATION COMPANY. Let us tell you more. Your letter will have individual attention. Address Idaho Irrigation Co., Ltd. Richfield Idaho

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Nothing equals Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops for bronchial weakness, sore chests, and throat troubles—5c at all Druggists.

The man who relies on his pull to get him into heaven had better begin to practice shoeing colts.

Mrs. Winslow's Shocking Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Greece annually produces over 21,000,000 pounds of tobacco.

Lucky is the chapman who has eyes that see not and ears that hear not.

PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS